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Cashier

NATIONAL BANK OF CARLSBAD

United States Depository (Postal Savings)

DIRECTORS: Morgan Livingston, C. H. McLenathan, S. I. Roberts,
F. F. Doepf, J. N. Livingston, C. M. Richards.

Reduced Prices on Lumber

We are pleased to advise our customers that July First we made
a reduction of \$2.50 the thousand on practically all dimensions and
grades of yellow pine lumber. We believe this is the lowest price
that can be expected on lumber of the grades we carry, and urge
intending builders or all those with any prospective work in view,
to buy now while prices are low. When the grain crops begin to
move lumber is sure to advance. Fifty cents on the thousand off
on shingles.

THE GROVES LUMBER CO.

Dayton.

From the Informer.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Brogdon and chil-
dren of Lakewood were here Monday.
The Dayton country was visited by
good rains Sunday and Sunday night.
Frank Lattion and his mother left
this morning for a visit to the old
home in Switzerland. They go by
way of New York. It has been about
twenty years since they came over.
Geo. T. Anderson who is farming
southwest of Artesia was down yester-
day after a load of oil from the
Belt well for his crude oil engine which

drives his irrigation plant.

In a melee which took place Tues-
day morning at the "Blue Goose" in
San Jose, a Mexican, Enos Nunez, was
stabbed in the chest by another coun-
tryman with an unpronounceable name
and was seriously, although not fatally
injured. A cut was made about six
inches in length, cutting a rib about
half in two. The assailant was brought
to the county jail where he awaits the
result of the injured man's wounds.

Christian & Co., Insurance.

DIRT ROADS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES

Must Be Well Drained and
Heavily Rolled.

NARROW TIRES RUIN ROADS

On Farm Wagons Six Inch Tire Would
Keep Highways Well Packed and
Prevent Mud and Ruts—Would Re-
quire Legislation.

I don't suppose that I differ from the
other engineers or from expert road
builders, but my idea of a perfect coun-
try road is this: A dirt road of easy
grades, well drained, plowed deep,
graded and harrowed and last, but by
no means least, thoroughly and heav-
ily rolled. This rolling will make it
solid and homogeneous and prevent
sink holes, says Thomas H. King in
Southern Good Roads.

Then when it is opened to the pub-
lic there is a road superior to any pave-
ment or macadamized surface for six
reasons, which are: This road is
cheaper to build in the first place—the
material is "right there." It is more
easily and cheaply kept in good condi-
tion. It is easier on horses' feet. It is
pleasanter for light and pleasure trav-
el. It is equal to any road for heavy
work as long as it remains good. Wide
tires will cause it to remain good.

The people the country over have
been very generous to themselves in
assuming such a vast amount of bond-
ed indebtedness for the purposes of
obtaining good roads.

Naturally the general idea is that the
money thus expended will give them
roads permanently good. But will it
be so? No road, however well built,
will take care of itself with the pres-
ent means of traffic.

Under the antiquated system of care
taking now in vogue the sad experi-
ence of generations teaches us that it
will be useless to look for any proper
care or attention being given them
when it is needed.

Neither do I believe the public will
stand for the expense of a gang of
men on the roads in every township
the greater portion of the year with a

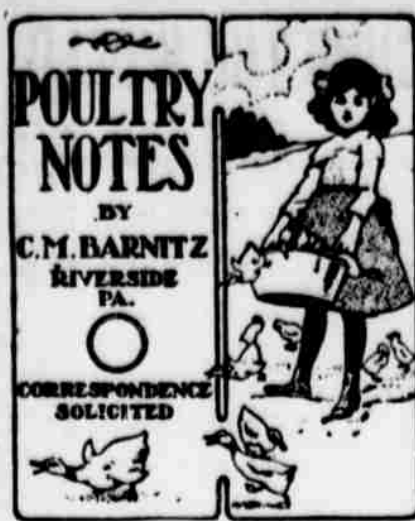


BUILDING A DIRT ROAD.

big road tax behind it. How, then,
will the roads be kept up? Or will
they finally fade away into the same
old rough, muddy condition we have
been used to for so many years?

I wish to suggest a method that will
meet the emergency, and if public
opinion favors it we can have good
roads at all seasons of the year, and
the cost of upkeep will be so light
as to be almost nominal. We should
give attention not to the roadbed it-
self, but to the vehicles that travel it,
for in that direction we will find the
remedy against bad roads.

Take the ordinary farm or lumber
wagon, in constant daily use every-
where for hauling loads, heavy and
light. It weighs approximately 1,000
pounds, or half a ton. The wagon will
convey a ton and perhaps at times
more than that; but, as we are dealing
only in general terms, say the wagon
with a full load will weigh one and a
half tons and it travels on wheels
with a tire tread of two and one-half
inches. When we come to think of
the number of these farm wagons,
more or less loaded, passing and re-
passing continually over the public
highways with a tire tread of only
two and one-half inches and see their
effect upon the surface when the
ground is softened from frequent rains
it seems as though better machinery
for cutting up and spilling a roadbed
could hardly be devised. While the
road is drying out the injury is still
going on and finally leaves the surface
rough, full of ruts—and let me say
right here that ruts are the worst en-
emy of rubber tires—with frequent
mudholes to go through or around un-
til a track more or less smooth is worn
down, ready for the operation to be re-
peated at the next rain. This is no su-
perstitious case, but the muddy real-
ity, as we all know, and those of us who
have crawled along at the rate of
about a mile an hour through liquid
mud at one season and over the rough,
frozen ruts at another, to our sorrow
and vexation, can testify that such
traveling is anything but joy riding.



(These articles and illustrations must not
be reprinted without special permis-
sion.)

KILLING BUGS ON BIDDY.

Killing bugs on Biddy is a pesti-
ferous proposition, one that many don't
indulge in and one that many others
don't indulge in enough to qualify as
experts.

Some get round the bughouse job
by sprinkling louse powder on the hen
while in the nest, placing bug killer,
moth balls, tobacco, sulphur, slaked
lime, in the nest or greasing the hen
with lard with the idea that she will
grease the chicks.

But why take lazy halfway mea-
sures with these crawlers that are so



Photo by C. M. Barnitz

DUSTING BIDDY.

destructive, breed so fast, have so
many hiding places in the feathers and
resist so many so called insecticides?
The most effective method is to treat
each fowl individually, to apply the
louse powder by hand.

Just take your hen by the hocks so
she can't jerk and break a leg and
hold her head down over a newspaper,
and her feathers will fall open. Start
with the buff, the louse incubator; get
the powder down to the skin; work it
in around the roots of the tail between
body and thighs, on thighs, back, cape
hackle, head, throat, wing quills; work
it down to skin all over the fowl, then
shake your hen gently over paper and
release her quietly lest she fly around
and shake off the powder. We find
the louse machine next in effectiveness
and recommend it for big flocks.

It is easily made, dusts five or six
hens at once, does quick work and
does not injure fowls. It is simply a



Photo by C. M. Barnitz

TURNING THE LOUSE MACHINE.

revolving canvas drum in which the
fowls turn in contact with the pow-
der.

Good louse killer is hard to buy.
Much on the market is worthless, some
injurious. Persian insect powder is
the best sold, especially fine for chicks
and poults, but rather expensive for
big flocks.

For new readers we repeat our louse
killer recipe, and we find no better for
old stock:

One pint gasoline.
One-half pint crude carbolic acid.
Four pounds plaster paris.

Stir the mixed liquids into plaster,
screen on to newspaper and let stand
two hours, then can for use and use
in moderate quantity.

DON'TS.

Don't buy much cracked corn at a
time. It soon molds, and that's deadly.
Grind your own and save money and
mortality.

Don't change methods as soon as you
read what great success some other
fellow has had with another. He may
be lying to induce buying.

Don't do others, but do your part
with all your might, art and heart.

Don't think fith is dormant when
dried on the dropping boards. It be-
comes dust, and every moving wing
sends it into the lungs with its destruc-
tive microbes.

WEATHER MADE TO YOUR ORDER

German Inventor Can Cause or
Prevent Rain.

TO VISIT UNITED STATES.

Richard Rodrian of Berlin Anxious to
Demonstrate to Government That
His Theories Are Correct—Laughed
at in Germany, He Says, He Will
Seek Vindication Here.

Richard Rodrian, Berlin's "weather
maker," is coming to America this
summer, hoping to interest the Uni-
ted States agricultural department in
his theory of weather control, accord-
ing to recent dispatches from Germa-
ny. The electro-technician, who evol-
ved the theory that weather changes
are caused by electrical activity, which
can be controlled by the use of elec-
trical instruments, has been unable
because of lack of funds to construct
powerful instruments. However, he
declares that he was responsible for
the pleasant weather in eastern and
southern Germany this year of Whit-
monday and Ascension day in the face
of official predictions of rain.

Theory in Electricity.

"I am convinced," said Herr Rodrian
recently, "that not only storms and
tornadoes, but floods and earthquakes,
are caused by electrical changes in the
air. Often floods are much greater
than the amount of water that has
fallen. The earth is probably inter-
laced with canals of gas, which, when
the pressure changes, expand, forcing
the underground water to the surface.
This pressure also produces earth-
quakes. In all the disturbances in
Europe since I began my investiga-
tions the weather map invariably indi-
cated the coming catastrophe. I shall
study the American charts and shall
prove that the same is the case here."

"These catastrophes could be avoid-
ed without a great outlay of capital
America has the duty of guarding the
Panama canal from earthquakes and
of saving large regions devastated by
floods. I am trying to interest the gov-
ernment because the power of chang-
ing the weather also means power to
cause any desired weather, and unless
this power is in the hands of a great
international alliance catastrophes of
a terrible nature might be produced.
I was once approached by some Amer-
icans who wished me to blight the
American cotton crop after they had
laid in a big stock of cotton. I was
also asked to cause an earthquake in
France, but I am interested in the as-
sistance and not in the destruction of
humanity."

Seeks to Be Vindicated.

Herr Rodrian is coming to America
with sufficient funds to conduct experi-
ments. He says he is seeking vindica-
tion and not a fortune. He has been
ridiculed for years by the Berlin news-
papers, and, while given a hearing by
scientists, he feels that the lack of a
university degree has prevented fair
trials from being made. He says he
made a contract with one German
state to stay off freezing weather in
entire winter and failed to do so on only
one day. He had the financial backing
of a friend and got a small sum from
the Hotel Keepers' association, which
was interested in his efforts to bring
good weather on holidays.

REPAID A THOUSANDFOLD.

Benefactor of Lad Seeking Education
Bequeathed a Million.

Dr. E. S. Higley of Wellston, O., has
just been repaid \$1,000,000 for the loan
in the early eighties of \$700 to Charles
Froelich, a struggling farmer and to
complete his education as a mining
engineer. Soon after Froelich went to
Australia and was not heard from for
several years.

Eight years ago Froelich, grown be-
yond the physician's recognition, walk-
ed into Dr. Higley's office and paid the
\$700, with compound interest. He had
been successful in Australia and South
Africa and was wealthy.

After a few weeks Froelich returned
to Australia. Nothing was heard from
him until recently, when a lawyer
arrived from Melbourne, Australia, and
notified Dr. Higley that Froelich had
died without relatives and had left his
entire estate, valued at \$1,000,000, to
his benefactor. Dr. Higley is seventy
years old.

TO READ DEAD MAN'S BRAIN.

Scientists Secretly Test Theory of De-
funct Harvard Professor.

Scientists in the Harvard medical
school are trying to read the brain of
the late Dr. Maurice Howe Richard-
son, ex-member of the faculty of that
institution. The examinations are be-
ing conducted secretly in the neuro-
pathological department and under the
direction of Dr. E. E. Southard.

Dr. Richardson was a firm believer
that thoughts made definite lines in
the brain, and the present examina-
tion is being conducted in accordance
with his wishes as expressed in his
will. He believed that a person's
thoughts were recorded and were at
the time of thinking visible on the
outer walls of the cerebrum. He held
that if these lines were read and the
seat of the thought located it would
make it possible to correct defects in
the brain by surgical operations.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYS- BURG.

CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky
shield
Atheart the gloom the lightning
flashed,
And through the cloud some horse-
men dashed,
And from the heights the thunder
pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Picket leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far ahead above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,
The voice that rang through Shi-
loh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce south cheering on her
sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pottowom,
A Khamsin wind that scorched and
stung
Like that infernal flame that
fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling
smoke
The remnant through the batteries
broke
And crossed the works with Ar-
mistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with
me!"

Virginia cried to Tennessee
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-
day!"
(The reddist day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled
rag!"
What time she set her battleflag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

UT who shall break the guards
that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The cattered standards of the
south.

Were shivered at the cannon's
mouth,
And all her hopes were decimated.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and
crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without
disgrace
They leaped to Rains' red embrace,
They only heard Fame's thunders
wake
And saw the dazzling sunburst
break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face.

They fell who lifted up a hand
And rode the sun in heaven to
stand
They smote and fell who set the
bars
Against the progress of the stars
And stayed the march of Mother-
land!

They stood who saw the future
come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood who held the
hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That endured and held that trem-
bling hill
God lives and reigns! He built and
led
The heights for Freedom's battle-
ment
Where floats her flag in triumph
still!

Roll up the banners! Smelt the
guns!
Love rules! Her gentler purpose
rules
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!
—Will H. Thompson.

SUMMER.

WINTER is cold hearted,
Spring is vain and gay;
Autumn is a weather-
cock
Blown every way.
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on its tree!

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing,
singing.

Over the wheatfields wide,
And anchored Bibles fly,
And the pendulum spins
Swings from side to side.

Am the blue black beetle transacts
business,
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town,
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fash-
ion
That days drone elsewhere.
—Christina Rossetti.

MELANCHOLY.

SHE dwells with beauty—beauty that
must die;
And joy, whose hand is ever at her hip,
Bidding adieu; and aching pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee mouth
sips.

Aye, in the very temple of delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovereign
throne.

Though seen of none save him whose
strange tongue
Can burst the grape against his palate
fine.

His soul, which taste the sadness of her
mirth,
And he among her clouds trophies hung,
beats.